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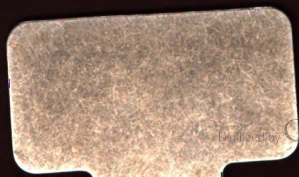
HYMNS
&
TRANSLATIONS.

SAMUEL GARRATT, M.A.



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HYMNS
AND
TRANSLATIONS.

BY
SAMUEL GARRATT, M.A.,
MINISTER OF TRINITY CHURCH, LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS.



LONDON :
JAMES NISBET & CO., 21 BERNERS STREET, W.
1867.

TO THE CONGREGATION
OF
TRINITY CHURCH,
LINCOLN'S-INN-FIELDS,
THIS
Little Book
IS
AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED.

15th April, 1867.

HYMNS AND TRANSLATIONS.

I.

“COME, LORD, QUICKLY.”

SPEEDILY, speedily, wilt Thou not come ?

For the world is awaiting the hour
When the clash of the steel and the roll of the drum
Shall cease from the field and the tower.

Speedily, speedily, wilt Thou not come ?

For the Church is all faint by the way ;
There are hands that hang down, there are lips that
are dumb,
And hearts that are ceasing to pray.

Speedily, speedily, wilt Thou not come?
For the days are so darksome and chill,
That the long shadows fall, and the cold winds benumb
Our feet, as we climb Zion's hill.

Speedily, speedily, wilt Thou not come?
For our hearts are all stricken and sad;
And we wait till the morning appears, to become
Like the morning itself, bright and glad.

Speedily, speedily, come in Thy power,
Thy kingdom, and glory, and might;
For we long for the day and we long for the hour,
For the morning without a night.

When the saints in their robes of flame and snow
Shall glitter along Thy train;
And the heaven all above and the earth all below
In Thy smile shall grow young again.

Speedily, speedily, come in Thy love,
And translate Thy waiting Bride;
In the ivory palaces place her above,
And enthrone her by Thy side.

Then the heart that has wept shall weep no more,
And peace enter the sorrowing breast;
For the pilgrimage days of the Bride shall be o'er,
And the Bridegroom shall be at rest.

II.

GOING HOME.

AN exile I roam, afar from my home,
Chained fast with sin's iron band ;
But a voice of love has reached my ear,
It falls from the sky in accents clear,
Thy sins are forgiven thee, do not fear,
Thou shalt reach thy fatherland.

Home, home, home,
To the haven of rest, the abode of the blest,
Where the bright ones are dressed in a sunlight vest,
We are going, going home.

A seaman I sweep o'er the billows deep,
While the winds whistle wild and drear ;
But Jesus speaks, and the hoary crest
Reclines on old Ocean's heaving breast,
And the winds rebuked sink down to rest,
And I see the harbour near.

Home, home, home,
To the haven of rest, the abode of the blest,
Where the bright ones are dressed in a sunlight vest,
We are going, going home.

I'm a soldier sworn, by the body torn,
Of my Captain the Prince of life,
By the crown of thorns and bleeding side,
By the pierced hands of Him who died,
By the anguish of the Crucified,
To follow Him in the strife.

Home, home, home,
To the haven of rest, the abode of the blest,
Where the bright ones are dressed in a sunlight vest,
We are going, going home.

I'm a pilgrim away to realms of day,
Where the towers of Zion rise,
Where the angels walk with amber feet,

Through pearly gates, on the golden street,
And the Church of the First-born with them meet,
In the temple of the skies.

Home, home, home,
To the haven of rest, the abode of the blest,
Where the bright ones are dressed in a sunlight vest,
We are going, going home.

I see those before who have reached the shore,
And they beckon from on high ;
They have gazed on the face of their King,
They have heard the choirs of angels sing,
They have made the halls of Zion ring
With their new-born minstrelsy.

Home, home, home,
To the haven of rest, the abode of the blest,
Where the bright ones are dressed in a sunlight vest,
We are going, going home.

Lord, grant my desire, a chariot of fire,
With wheels of burning gold;
When the trump of the angel is blown,
Then take thou Thy seat on the throne,
And unite once again all thine own
In the everlasting fold.

Home, home, home,
To the haven of rest, the abode of the blest,
Where the bright ones are dressed in a sunlight vest,
We are going, going home.

III.

"MY PEACE I GIVE UNTO YOU."

WHEN the joyless joys of earth
Quit the region of their birth ;
When the soul with grief oppressed
Sighs and sighs in vain for rest ;
When the fevered pulse runs high,
When cold tears bedew the eye,
Jesus, speak that word to me,
"Peace—my peace, I give to thee."

In the hour when conscious sin
Rankles in the breast within ;
In the hour of hopeless prayer,
Chilling doubt and dark despair,—
Saddest hour the soul can know,
Once set free from endless woe,
Jesus, speak that word to me,
"Peace—my peace, I give to thee."

IV.

**“WE WHICH HAVE BELIEVED DO ENTER
INTO REST.”**

We are going, we are going,
To the city of our King,
Where the streams of life are flowing,
Where the choirs of angels sing.
We have rest in the way, and rest at the end,
For the Cross is our stay, and Jesus our friend :
And each step that we gain we will raise the glad
strain,
To the Lamb that was slain—to the Lamb that was
slain.

We are treading, we are treading,
Where the thorns and briars grow,
Though dark foes around are spreading,
Marching firmly on we go ;

We have rest in the way, and rest at the end,
For the Cross is our stay, and Jesus our friend :
And each step that we gain we will raise the glad
 strain,
To the Lamb that was slain—to the Lamb that was
 slain.

We are striving, we are striving,
As we run the heavenly race,
Helpless we, yet strength deriving
 From Omnipotence and Grace.

We have rest in the way, and rest at the end,
For the Cross is our stay, and Jesus our friend :
And each step that we gain we will raise the glad
 strain,
To the Lamb that was slain—to the Lamb that was
 slain.

We are hasting, we are hasting,
To the regions of the blest,

For the powers of life are wasting,
And we long to reach our rest.
We have rest in the way, and rest at the end,
For the Cross is our stay, and Jesus our friend :
And each step that we gain we will raise the glad
strain,
To the Lamb that was slain—to the Lamb that was
slain.

We are singing, we are singing,
Songs below they sing above,
While the bells of Heaven are ringing
Peals of praise to Him we love.
We have rest in the way, and rest at the end,
For the Cross is our stay, and Jesus our friend :
And each step that we gain we will raise the glad
strain,
To the Lamb that was slain—to the Lamb that was
slain.

Treading, striving, hasting, singing,
Onward going still we rise,
Upward, upward our flight winging
To the mansions of the skies.

We have rest by the way, and rest at the end,
For the Cross is our stay, and Jesus our friend:
And each step that we gain we will raise the glad
strain,
To the Lamb that was slain—to the Lamb that was
slain.

v.

"THE TIME IS SHORT."

THE time, the time is hasting,
Fast as a stream away,
Moment by moment wasting
In measureless decay.

Who shall arrest the river
Which waits not to be seen?
Who stay the ceaseless shiver
Of ocean's sparkling sheen?

Say, canst thou grasp the lightning,
And hold it in thy hand?
The day-break in its brightness
To pause, canst thou command?

Without thy leave the seasons
Roll on their destined way,
Unmoved by man's wise reasons
For leisure and delay.

Roll on, roll on for ever,
Ye years, and days, and hours,
We know that ye can never
Part betwixt us and ours.

It is not time shall sunder
The everlasting chain,
Or burst the band asunder
Which God makes one again.

Each moment brings us nearer
To the battlements above,
And shews the pathway clearer
Which leads to those we love.

It hastens the bright morning
When Jesus shall appear,
The twilight and the dawning
Of the happy day and year.

Moments, why move so slowly
While we are on the wing
To the country of the holy,
To the Palace of our King?

Where long, long eternity
Shall circle us around,
In the everlasting city,
The city of the crowned.

Haste ye moments, haste along,
Like eddies on the stream,
Like the echoes of a song,
The ages of a dream.

Soon shall the dream be ended,
The echoes be no more,
The eddies shall have blended
With sea without a shore.

All hail the consummation—
The days of heaven on earth,
The King that brings salvation,
“Creation’s second birth.”

. VI.

THE UPAS TREE.

ABOVE, beneath, around, within,
I see the ravages of sin,
 The deadly Upas tree :
Whose every blossom is a lie,
Whose every fruit a groan, a sigh
 Of endless misery.

Beneath that Upas tree so dread
Creep the weird phantoms of the dead,
 And withered blasted ears ;
Round which no reaper ties the band,
 Nor sower grasps them in his hand,
Shadows and shames and fears.

Is it a dream? The branches rise
From earth, and darken all the skies
 Within their shadow deep :
A thousand millions dwell in night,
In living death, in lurid light ;
 In agonizing sleep.

Hark to that voice ! It calls for aid
To clear the pestilential shade,—
 Who will cut down the tree ?
But whoso fells on him shall fall
The crushing trunk, and one for all
 By death win liberty.

I see an Angel from afar,
In raiment bright as morning star,
 And axe of burnished gold :
He stoops upon his flaming wing,
Beneath his tread the forests ring,
 As he steps upon the wold.

And round, and round, and round, and round,
He walks as on enchanted ground
 Around the fatal tree.
He lifts, but dares not strike the blow ;
He dares not lay the Upas low,
 And pay the penalty.

A weak and lonely form I see
Standing beneath the Upas tree
 Amidst its poisoned breath ;
He stands beside the blackened trunk,
Where all around in sleep are sunk,
 In sleep, the sleep of death.

No axe of steel the stranger weareth,
No rope of hemp the stranger beareth,
 That weak and lonely man—
Say, Can He break the fatal spell ?
Can He the deadly Upas fell ?
 Or will He, if He can ?

I see Him clasp the Upas round,
Then stoop, as bending to the ground ;
The huge trunk nods its head,
It creaks,—it groans,—it breaks,—it lies
Across the willing Sacrifice,
Both numbered with the dead.

But as I listen in my sleep
I hear strange music round me sweep,
Where all was still before ;
They sing of Him who died to save,
His life, that they might live, who gave,
Yet lives for evermore.

VII.

“IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE IN
DEATH.”

(From Luther.)

In the midst of life, by death
Ever are we surrounded ;
We pray, let mercy come from Thee
On whom our hope is grounded ;
From Thee, O Lord, alone.
We groan beneath the heavy weight
Of sins which Thou, O Lord, dost hate.
Lord most holy, God most mighty,
Saviour most compassionate,
Leave us not at our last breath
To bitter pains of endless death,
Kyrie Eleëson.

In the midst of death, the jaws
Of Hell itself alarm us :
Who will from such a danger free,
And make them not to harm us,
Save Thee, O Lord, alone ?
It hurts Thy tender loving heart
To see our sin and grievous smart.
Lord most holy, God most mighty,
Saviour most compassionate,
Leave us not, for thy dear name
Trembling at hell's abyssmal flame.
Kyrie Eleëson.

In the midst of hell's despair
We by our sins are drifted ;
How from so dire a dwelling-place
Ever shall we be lifted ?
By Thee, O Lord, alone.

Thy precious blood once shed for me
Sufficient is from sin to free.

Lord most holy, God most mighty,
Saviour most compassionate,
Let not faith from me be taken,
Nor my trust in Thee be shaken,
Kyrie Eleëson.

VIII.

HYMN TO FATHER, SON, AND HOLY
GHOST.*(From Luther).*

O God the Father, with us dwell,
And keep us from the fear of hell,
From all our sins, oh ! make us free,
And happy let us die in Thee.
Guard us, we pray, from Satan's thrust,
And in Thee may we place our trust ;
Make us to Thee alone to cling,
To Thee our hearts unbosoming ;
And in our spirit's inmost ground
May we entirely Thine be found.
With all true Christian folk may we
The devil's artifices flee,
And shield us with God's panoply.

Amen ! amen ! so let it be,
And ever will we sing to Thee,
Hallelujah !

Lord Jesus, do Thou with us dwell,
etc., etc.

Then Holy Spirit with us dwell,
etc., etc.

IX.

"CHRIST IS RISEN."

AN EASTER HYMN. (*From Luther.*)

IN the bands of death Christ lay,
Prisoner for our transgression ;
He has risen again to-day,
'And made life our possession.
Let us joyful, joyful be,
Praise and thank right merrily,
While we say, this happy day,
Hallelujah !

Not one child of man from death
Himself could set free ever,
Guilty all from our first breath,
Innocent we were never.

Therefore death so soon can gain
Over us the power to reign;
Unawares, he spreads his snares,
Hallelujah !

Jesus Christ, God's only Son,
Has come in our condition ;
Over sin has victory won,
And saved us from perdition.
All his rights from death are taken,
All his power by Christ is shaken,
No more sin can sting within,
Hallelujah !

Was not that a wondrous fight,
When death with life contended ?
Life has put the foe to flight,
And so the conflict ended.

Swallowed up is death by death ;
Made a jest,—an empty breath ;
Life's victory has set us free,
Hallelujah !

See the Paschal Lamb indeed
Bound on the cross and broken ;
So hath God Himself decreed
His warm love should be spoken.
Ere the angel passeth o'er,
Strike the blood upon the door,
Till the blast of death is past,
Hallelujah !

Now the feast comes round and round
To joyful hearts and lightsome,
For of us the Lord is found
Sun of our souls so brightsome.

His warm beams our souls are cheering,
And the shadows disappearing,
While sin's night dissolves in light,
Hallelujah !

We eat, and live for ever,
The bread that came from heaven,
Oh ! let us never, never
Keep in our hearts old leaven.
Christ alone for us could bleed,
Christ alone the soul can feed,
Christ is all, and all in all,
Hallelujah !

X.

"A SONG OF THANKSGIVING

FOR THE EXCEEDING MERCIES GOD HATH SHEWN US IN CHRIST."

(From Luther.)

LET us be glad, and no more sad,
In the great congregation,
But with one voice let all rejoice,
And sing of our salvation :
What God to us has freely granted
His footsteps on the waters planted
And the price it cost
Tó ransom the lost.

Within the snares the foe prepares,
I lay in death forgotten,
To sin a prey, both night and day,
Wherein I was begotten;
In deeper depths I sank day by day,
My weary life I wished it away,
Around and within
Was nothing but sin.

My good works were as light as air,
Corrupt and worthless wholly,
Free was my will to choose the ill,
But dead to what was holy ;
Despair is gathering fast around me,
The pains of death have almost bound me,
And too well I know
To Hell I must go.

God looked on me eternally,
And pitied my condition,
Love was His thought, He only sought
To save me from perdition.
But though the Father's heart was yearning
To see his banished one returning,
His best for the price
Alone would suffice.

“ Now is the hour of Mercy’s power,”
 He said, the Son addressing,
“ Go hence, go down, my heart’s dear crown,
 To be the poor man’s blessing ;
The snares of sin to disentangle,
And death, his bitter foe, to strangle,
 And with thee to give
 Him ever to live.”

The Father said, the Son obeyed,
 A Virgin was His mother,
The mighty God our earth He trod,
 And thus became my brother,
In homely guise His glory hiding,
And in my poor estate abiding,
 With His own right hand
 The foe to withstand.

He spake to me, "Lean thou on me,
Safe while on me depending,
Myself I give that thou mayest live,
For thee with sin contending.
And since nor time nor place can ever
Twixt thee and me avail to sever,
In vain shall the foe
Seek thine overthrow.

"My blood he will have power to spill,
My life blood from me draining,
But all shall be for good to thee
Thy faith on me retaining.
And since thou art become my brother,
My righteousness thy guilt shall cover,
And the life which is mine
Kill death which is thine.

“From life below to heaven I go,
With my dear Father reigning,
My Spirit thence will I dispense,
Thy Master still remaining ;
'Tis He who comforts in distresses ;
And all the truth to thee expresses ;
And ever my name
Shall to thee proclaim.

“And what I teach thou too shalt preach,
And give as I have given,
That God's rich store may more and more
Be praised through earth and heaven.
But guard thee well from men's tradition
Of noble duty the perdition ;
Receive from my hand
This parting command.”

Amen.

XI.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

(From Luther.)

THE angels came down in their cohorts so bright,
Where the shepherds were watching their flocks by
 night,
And they said that an infant, tender and mild,
Was laid in the manger,—a wonderful child.

In Bethlehem, the city of David of old,
As Micah, the prophet of yore, has foretold,
That infant, the Lord Jesus Christ, you may see,
Born there that the Saviour of all He may be.

Rejoice and be glad, for indeed it is true ;
The great God from heaven has become one with you,
Your flesh and your blood condescended to take,
And for ever Himself your Brother to make.

Death and sin over you no longer shall reign,
For your God, the true God, will with you remain,
What matters the anger of Devil or hell,
Since God's only Son in your nature will dwell?

Now leave you alone He nor can nor He will,
In the firm trust of faith believe and be still;
Assured that whatever your soul may assail,
While salvation is His, yours never shall fail.

And since ye are now made God's children on earth,
Be sure that ye walk as becomes your high birth,
In thanks everlasting to God give the praise,
And in patience of hope rejoice all your days.

Amen.

XII.

HYMN TO THE TRINITY.

(From Luther.)

THOU, Lord, art Three in Unity,
The true God from Eternity ;
Though with the day the sun decline,
Still let Thy Godhead round us shine.

Each morn, O God, we worship Thee,
Each evening bend in prayer the knee ;
Poor though our strain it rolls along,
Henceforth an everlasting song.

Now, and to all eternity,
Glory to God the Father be,
And glory to the only Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One.

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